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The Season's Circle Turning

Roy

Til our laughter rings
In the wooded halls
Til the seasons ring round again,
Til the woodland sings
With our laughs and calls
Turn the circle's ring round again.

It's the season's time turning,
Turn the season's wheel 'round.
Then we'll spark a fire burning,
Dance the merry turnaround.
Top the hill of the valley,
Come all to our sabat ground.

It's an ancient tongue's rhyming,
It's an age-old time rhyme,
It's the Wheel that is turning,
Mark the ending and the prime.
Love of life is our yearning,
Acting out the ancient pantomime.

Til our laughter rings
In the wooded halls
Til the seasons ring round again,
Til the woodland sings
With our laughs and calls
Turn the circle's ring round again.

Roy, 1986

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